MEN ONLY
VOLUME 59 NUMBER 6 £2.25
A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

ABSOLUTELY FABULARSE!
JOANNA LUMLEY
TOTALLY KNICKERLESS!

BUMS 'R' US!
BOTTOMS, WE GOT'EM - YOU DIDDLE 'EM ROTTEN!

MEN ONLY'S DREAM TEAM
WIN A NUDE MODEL FOR A DAY

Absolute Beginners
Horny Helen gets all creamy for the first time

EUROSNATCH
The art of Tunnelingus
We pick 'em, you lick 'em!

HOG WILD BIKESEX
Put a big one between her legs!

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MEN ONLY

A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

VOLUME 59 NUMBER 6

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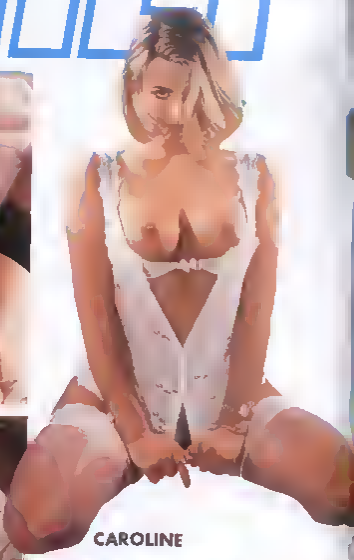
HOLLY



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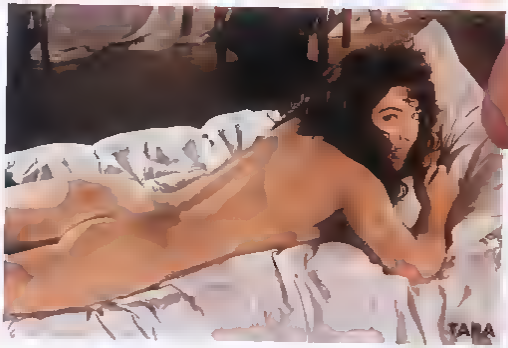

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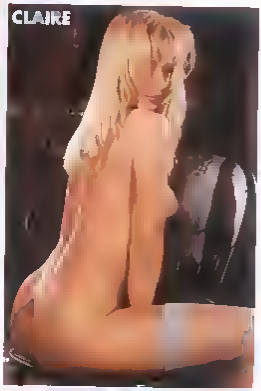

CLAIRE

GOTCHA!

MARTINE

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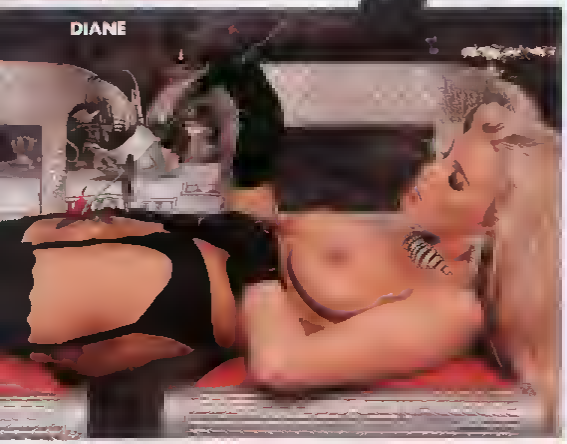
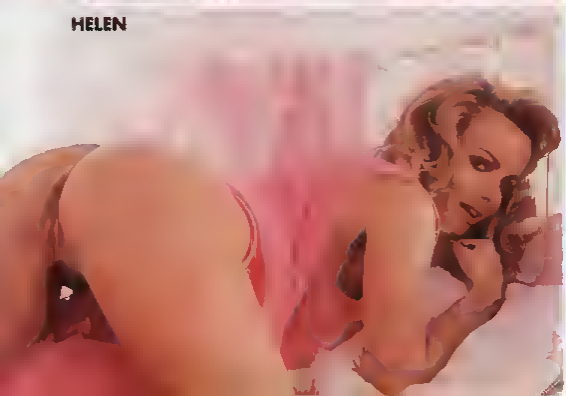




For our Euro-special edition, we welcome a guest editorial from A. Xenophobe, Foreign Office advisor to Douglas Hurd . . .

Though, in principle, HM Government is fully committed to the idea of a united Europe, we at the Foreign Office feel there may be some misunderstanding among you proles *(Surely, 'British people'? – Ed)* regarding our position on this issue and thus I welcome this chance to set the record straight on this matter.

While a united Europe is sound, *in theory*, there are certain facets of the agreement that must be ratified before the UK commits itself to any kind of treaty. To whit:

• The notion of 'fair trade' is unacceptable. After all, how can our businessmen compete against firms who cannot understand traditional British business practices such as 'La Kickback', 'La Sous-Le-Counter Deal' and 'Les Donations Political Massif pour Le Knighthood'?

• Foreigners are untrustworthy johnnies with an comprehension of industrial efficiency. They want to pay workers a decent wage and have them work less than 96 hours a week, for God's sake!!

• We've nothing against having more countries in the EC as long as we Brits can continue to rule the roost and put a block on anything we don't like the look of.

• Which leads to the fact we don't trust those Hunnish swines, either.

• *And* the bloody Fronch, they eat horses, don't you know . . ?

• And as for the Dutch – raving perverts, every man Jack of 'em!

• The Spanish – why should we contribute £30m for them to make sombreros all day??

• The Belgians. Ugly bastards.

• Everyone else.

But, these minor points aside, we see no reason why Britain shouldn't continue to play a central role at the heart of a unified Europe – apart from the fact that everyone else hates our guts, that is.

Yours, with our heads up our arse . . .

blah!

Feeling rude, rampant or raunchy? Why not write and share it with the rest of us. Letters to: The Editor, Men Only, P. R. Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Huge On

Sir It's not often I write to magazines, but the heady beauty of the young ladies in your April issue (Vol 59, No 4) far outclass anything I have seen before and rouse me to write and tell you how horny they make me feel

My own wife, a gorgeously pneumatic 34-year-old with tits and arse like Janice on p.38, is the dirtiest woman I have ever known. She has no qualms

"Your wife's in the contact magazines again . . ."

about taking on two or three guys a night in the pub car park just to get a good length of throbbing dick in her mouth and pussy at the same time – and, of course, to give me great pleasure while she does so

I love watching her riding one cock in a frenzy while begging and slavering for another to be shoved deep into her mouth. We find it such a turn-on that when we finally make it home we go straight upstairs and fuck each other's brains out

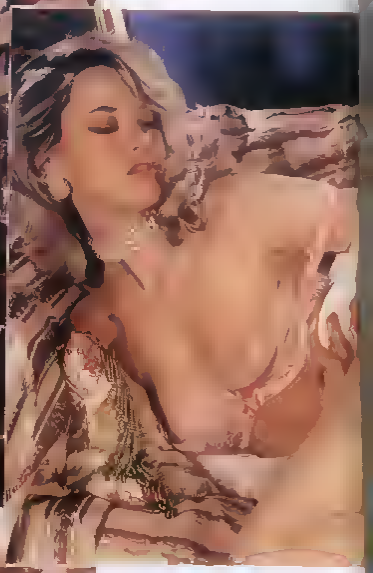
We both read your magazine and absolutely love it. Keep up the good work for horny people like us everywhere!

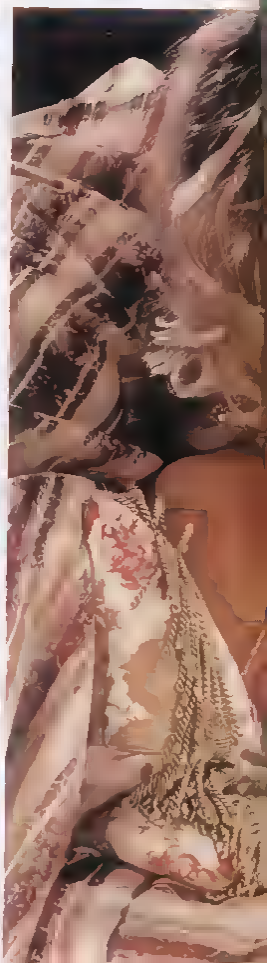
B H
Salisbury

continued on page 8

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

MARTINE

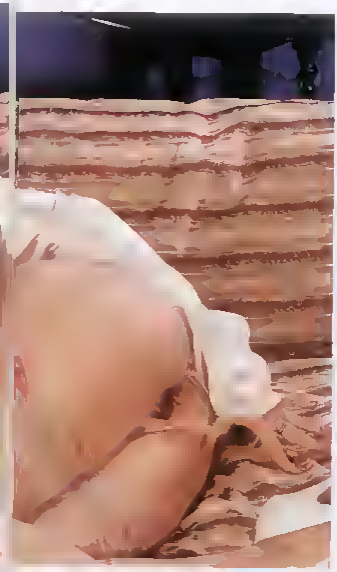


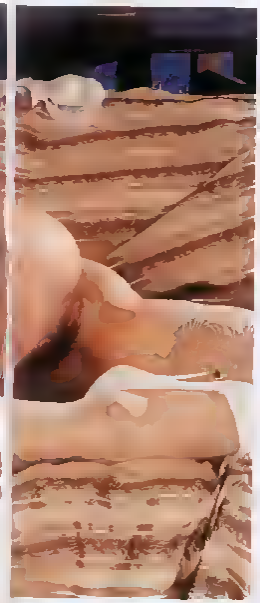


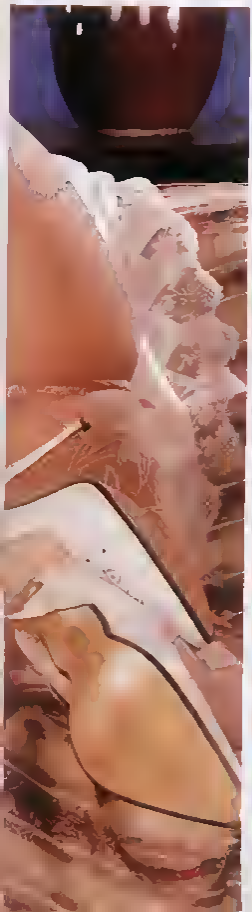
We love lasses like Martine here at MO. It's the carefree way they tend to bounce around a photographic studio full of pep, vim, zest and so on, throwing off their clothes with all the *joie de vivre* of a coach load of movie starlets nearing the beach at Cannes and threatening the 'no-pop' guarantee on the flies of your 501s. Not that you'd catch Martine naked in public very often. For one thing, it doesn't go down too well in her native Staffordshire and, for another, this twenty-year-old trainee caterer claims she's actually rather shy and can only really come alive in a one-to-one situation.

That's right – put her in a room with a camera, or with a chap she's rather fond of, and fireworks go off. But try and get her to enter a wet T-shirt contest or flount her 33C-21-34 on the beach and she comes over all coy. However, there's a good reason.

"I'm not sure if I can trust myself," she tells us. "You see, I get so excited at the thought of all these men ogling me there's no telling *what* I might get up to! And that's why I love doing pictures – this way I can indulge my favourite hobby and *not* get myself arrested!!!"







blah!

continued from page 8

Pumped For Patsy

Sir I was amazed when I flicked through a recent edition of *Men Only*, Vol 59, No. 2. The breath-taking view of

Patsy in her photoset with her stunning looks and firm-looking tits gave me an instant stiffy.

Speaking from my heart (and my cock!) I think that Patsy looks fantastic in her basic essential sexy underwear consisting of white stockings, white suspender belt, white panties pulled aside to reveal her lovely brown-haired pussy, her white bra with her fine-looking

"God you're ugly when you climax."

breasts hanging out, and the floral blouse draped seductively. Wow!!

My compliments go out to the photographer Peter Flodquist. I wouldn't have minded your job on that shoot. Any chance next time?!

Pasty would get anyone turned-on even if she was completely naked, but please, please, please, please

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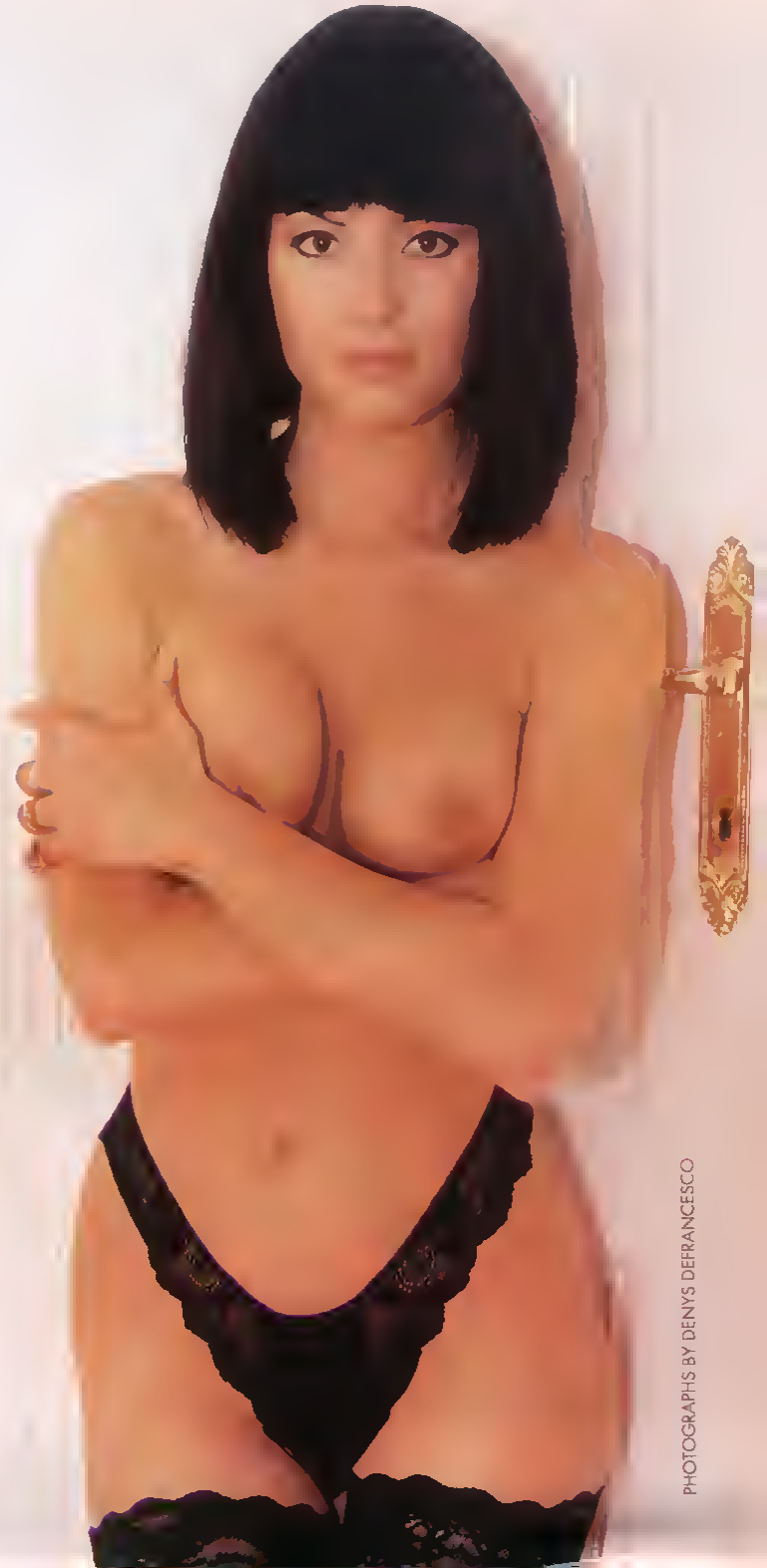
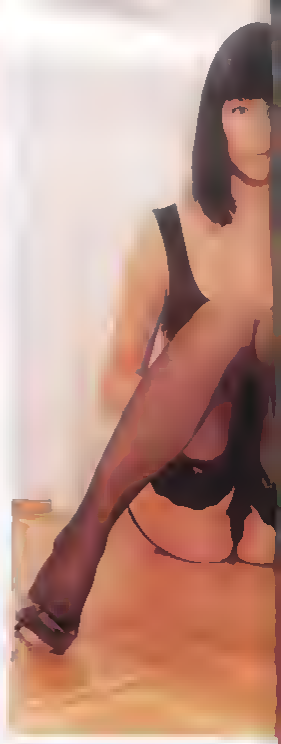
CATHERINE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

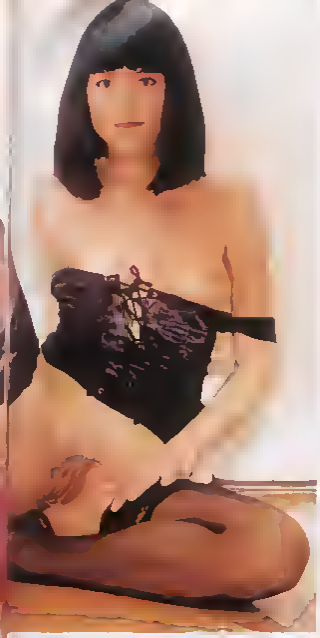


Though barely into her twenties, Catherine's statuesque figure (35B-23-34), severe square-cut black bob hairdo and a liking for nasty-looking spike heels has already gained her quite a following – though she's not quite certain whether or not it's one she wants.

For a start, there's that fellow from her local supermarket who keeps passing her notes whenever she's out for a 2lb bag of McCain's oven chips – rather fruity messages they are, too, usually along the lines of somewhat frantic pleas for Catherine to come round his place one warm summer night, in nothing but a lace-up leather dress and a G-string, to dimple his part with her stilettas.

Then there's the chap who persists in following her about in the local shopping arcade and begging her to permit him to clean out her oven with his tongue, while Cath occasionally beats his bum with an Indian Raj fly swatter and feeds him an tropical fruit and Lancashire Hotpot. Ohhh, *really!*

Not that it bothers Cath – she being a broad-minded kind of girl. But she would rather be harassed by a fellow who bears a passing resemblance to one of the Chippendales than a bloke who wants a table planted upon his doobries with a resounding crunch.



country house compliment her on her gold teeth. Don't make any advances. Not yet.

Wait until they're all drunk and singing local folk songs. Then hold hands. Offer to take her home. Try to kiss her.

That's what I did. She wouldn't let me. But we met again. Still nothing. And then one night... for no reason... it was upstairs, clothes off, on the bed and... I like to be stroked here, licked here and more, more, more!"

She was blonde, smart with one gold tooth and a beautiful body. That night I learned the true meaning of the word fuck.

If you're just visiting you'll have to pay for it.

No sweat, even the pros look

gorgeous *and* they wear sequined knickers.

It's all very civilised, there are lots of seedy bars around the centre of Ghent which are brothels. You get a girl with your drink, she runs her hand along your thigh, you push your hand up her skirt, and you just go on doing that so long as you keep buying drinks.

Or you can go upstairs where, for £50 or so, you can get almost anything you want.

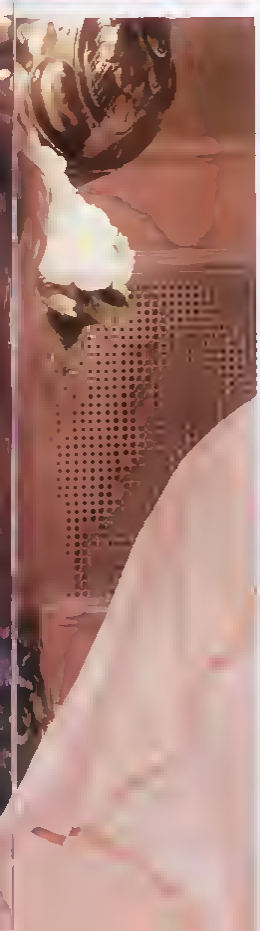
They're not strictly legal these brothels, but they're no secret. Just ask any barman where they are. Or find your way from St Peter's station to the Cathedral and scout around from there. There are paintings by Peter Paul Rubens in the Cathedral.

All around it the type of women he painted are lying naked on beds. Waiting to teach you what fuck really means.

Vincent van Cough

HOLLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

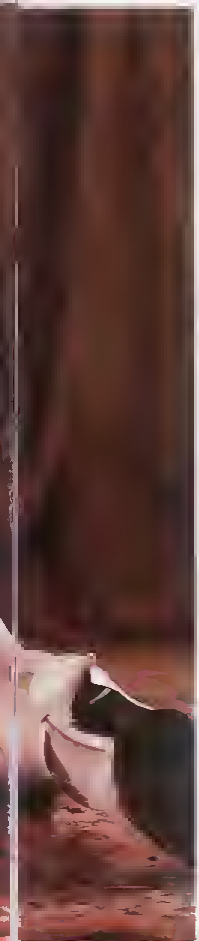


Holly was a good girl – nice school, decent upbringing, the kind of girl who could have gone on to make the perfect wife for an upstanding member of the community (in the Home Economics classes her angel cakes were the talk of the Fifth Form). But then something happened and it all went wrong.

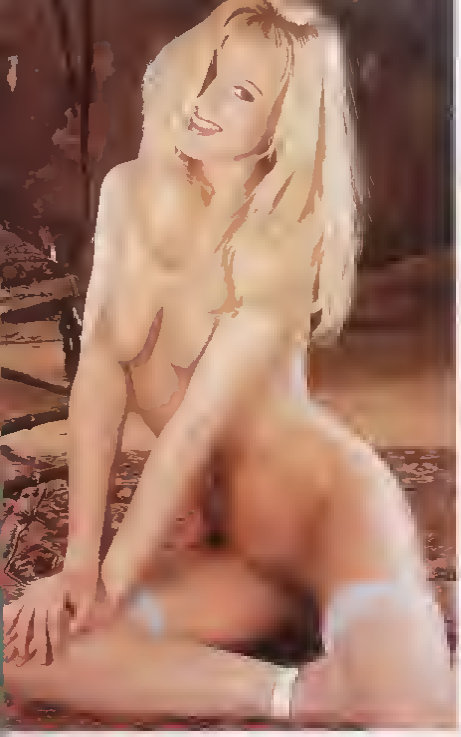
Blame it on rock 'n' roll, blame it on large leathery chaps of a motorcycling disposition, but the day Holly was tripping lightly down her High Street in a North Yorkshire town – her smart Sixth-former's uniform all neat and proper – and chanced upon those hairy blokes affiliated to a notorious bike club – everything changed.

Gone were the knee-high white socks, tossed away was the stripey school tie, and in their place emerged Holly the wild 'n' crazy chick with a deep-seated lust for throwing off her togs and shaking her knockers in blokes' faces.

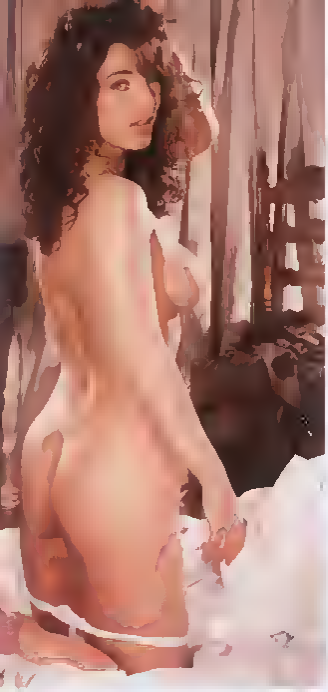
Not that we at MO mind – good girls gone bad are a species we can truly relate to – and 20 year-old Holly is now firmly imprinted on our minds – especially that of Bruce Bullwarker, over whose face she rode her 750 Harley as he stretched out on the pavement and tried to look up her skirt. (34C 25-35)

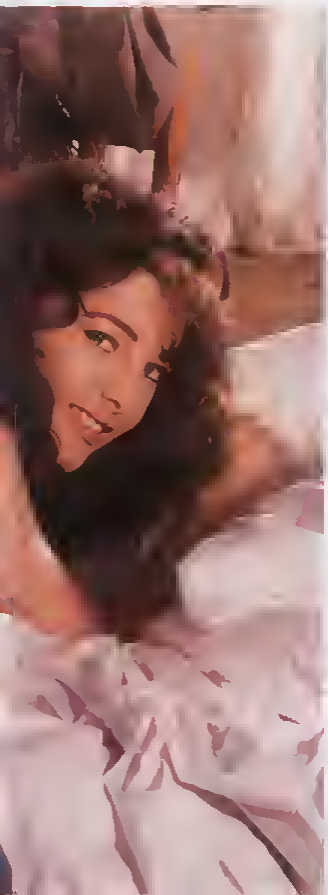


If you were going to pen a classic, no-holds-barred essay on the wonder of long, long legs and a shapely bottom, you couldn't do much worse than take Claire as your starting point, could you?
Mind you, whether you'd get much past Page One is pretty debatable as, after a few hours intense study of this Nuneaton nineteen-year-old, you probably wouldn't feel up to writing much more than a torrent of desire drenched doggerel that any respectable publisher would immediately pass on to the Obscene Publications Squad.
Then again, surely no one could call it a crime to come over all unnecessary upon viewing Claire's delights. If that was the case then the entire MO staff would be up on a charge under the 1957 Criminal Damage to Office Furniture Act, with extra charges of yodelling lewdly while whirling one's underpants around one's head tossed in for good measure. Claire has that kind of effect on us, you see. Some call it temporary madness, some call it rampant lust – others just call it 34B 21-35.

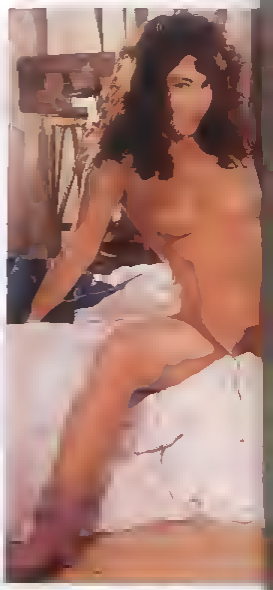


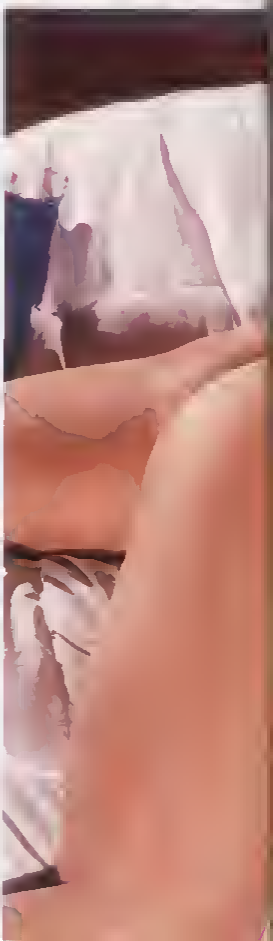
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND





TARA





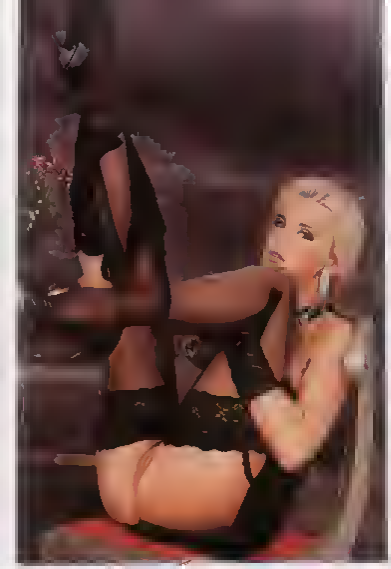
Such is the lamentable state of higher education in Britain today that students are forced to find any means possible to supplement their meagre grant. Student loans? Pah! Try making £500 last three years in London. Unless you've got at least seven part-time jobs it's impossible, right?

Certainly young Tara found it so – a 19 year-old drama undergrad from Belfast, she soon realised she was going to have take drastic measures if she wasn't going to spend the next few years existing on lentils. In vain she scoured the 'help wanted' ads for means of support other than an UltraBra.

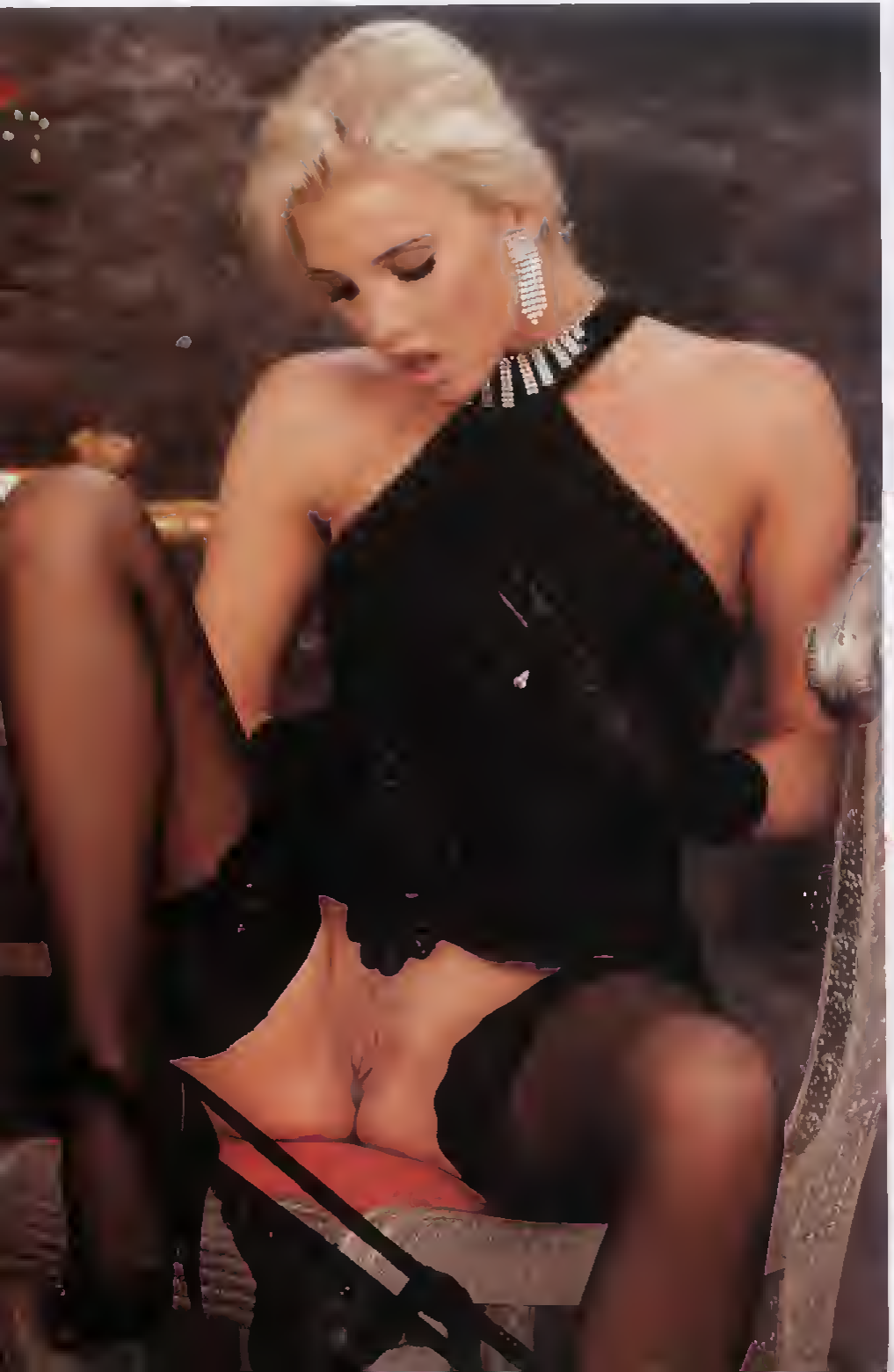
There wasn't much on offer – she tried mopping floors in a City office block, 5a.m. to 7.30a.m. every morning, but that left her so knackered she could barely keep her eyes open when rehearsing *Twelfth Night*. Then a stint in a sandwich bar fell through when the owner pissed off to Bermuda with the takings. Things looked bleak for Tara until a meeting with ace lensman Ralph (Big Boy) 'Medders' in a Soho pub. This led to the realisation that major moolah, *plus* the adulation of millions, could be gained simply by posing prettily for the UK's premier men's publication and revealing the charms that made her portrayal of 'French Maid #2' in a recent production of *'Allo 'Allo* so 'outstanding'. (37C 23-35)

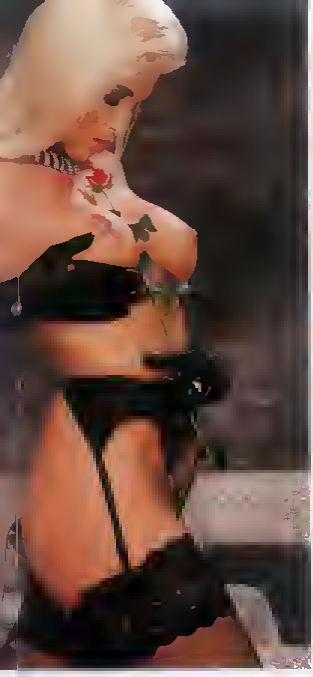
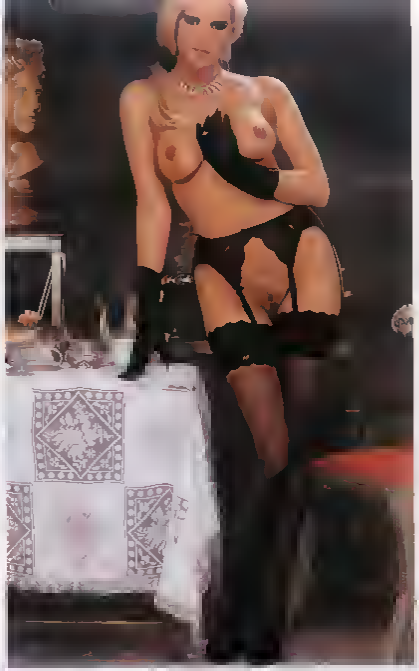
DIANA

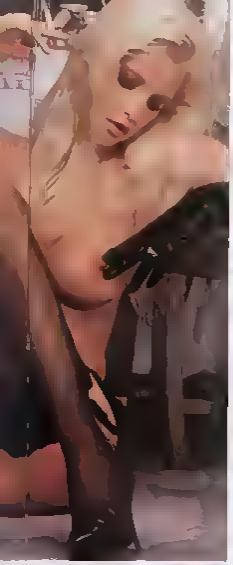
PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS

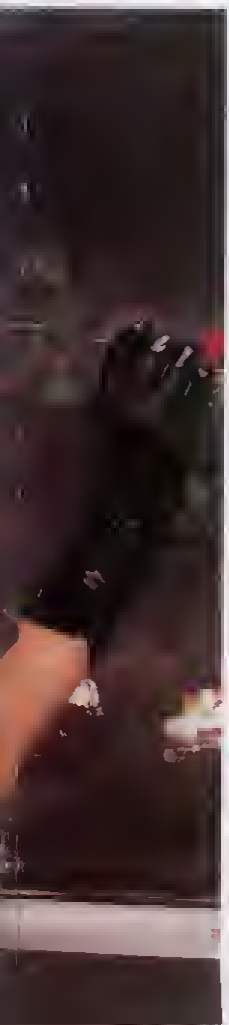


It cannot have gone unnoticed by longtime readers of MO that a number of our spreads over the years have featured the scrummy cream cakes being lovingly licked by a girlie' touch And many readers may have found themselves wondering, in those idle moments while waiting for a No 9 bus or pondering what underwear that buxom lass in reception wears, *Why?!'* Take 22-year-old Basingstoke beauty Diana, for example – very sophisticated and well-bred as only a product of the English boarding schools system can be, but a girl who, when readying herself to bare her 35C 23 35 curves for our camera, asked that there be to hand something 'long, creamy and satisfying' lest she come over all unnecessary midway through the shoot A not uncommon demand and one that over the years, we have learned to accommodate Unfortunately, the young chap who used to provide the said requirement expired through exhaustion during an arduous shoot with Gaynor Bell five years ago and we've yet to find a replacement – so it has to be confectionary we're afraid



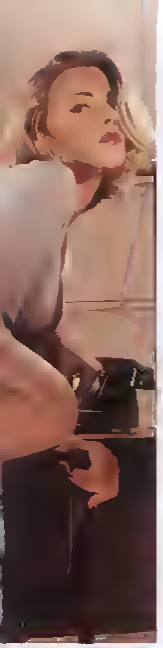




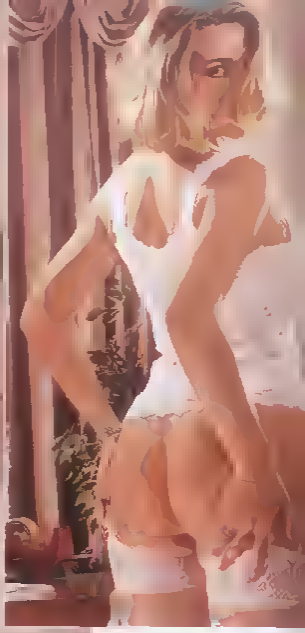
MEN ONLY

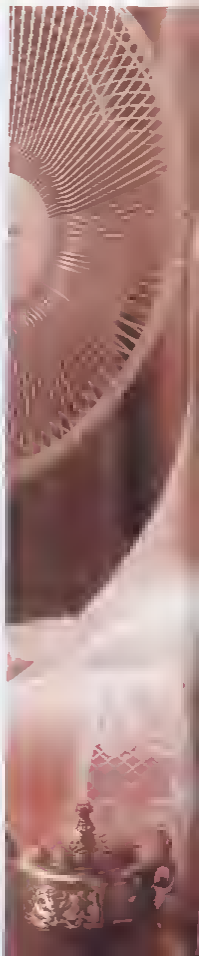
CAROLINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

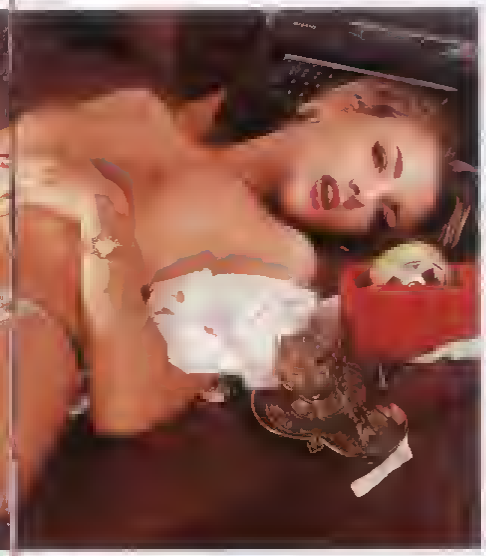


Girls stumble into the wonderful world of MO in a variety of ways, but this sumptuously mouth watering vision of harmless, 20-year-old Caroline from Bedford, had a more intriguing intro than many
"I found your magazine in a filing cabinet at work," she confesses "It looked well-thumbed, too! Well, I couldn't resist a peek and I was really surprised at how lovely all the women were and how sexy they looked – it was none of the cheap and tacky stuff I'd been told some other men's magazines were like I started to feel horny thinking about it "
One thing led to another and it wasn't long before Caroline was turning a chance encounter into a new career and





putting her firm 35C 23 35 figure to better use than labouring away in filing cabinets and taking dictation all day long. However, one puzzle remains – to whom did that mystery mag responsible for it all belong? "I've got my theories," she smiles. "But I'm not telling! And anyway, there's this hunky bloke at work I've got my eye on and when these pictures appear I'm going to use my knowledge of the company files to make sure he gets a *big* surprise one morning! All I've got to do is make sure I'm there when he sees it!"



the big three!

Name *Belinda*
Age *21*
Hometown *Stourport*
Occupation *Anything!*
Marital Status *Single*

I suppose I'm what your religious nutters and moralists would call a 'floozie – not that I'd put it that way though. As far as I m concerned I just love sex and that s all there is to it. The types of people who d put me down are usually the real pervy ones – you know the kind like all these judges and MPs who ll say people like me are immoral and disgusting and half an hour later they re round at some tart s place strapped to the radiator wearing a dress and having their arse whipped. Hey I don t mind a spot of kinkiness now and then – it can be fun – but these bloody hypocrites make me puke. Give me someone who s honest about sex anytime!

All right that s enough of me spouting off. What you really want to know about is the dirty details of my naughty sex life right? Well I'll tell you that happily enough. I hope it really turns you on fellas. Pull your pud for Belinda won t you?!

You see when I m feeling horny no man is safe. If I need sex I'm up front about it and don t piss about with any of this cute and coy routine that some woman like to play with blokes. Who are they kidding anyway?

I go for hunky men with as much equipment between their legs as possible and my favourite thrill is to have more than just the one bloke at once. I travel around a lot in Britain and Europe doing any job I can. I ve been a stripper a waitress, you name it I ve done it. Plus of course I've had a lot of variety as regards my men!

I remember the wildest time I ever had was one Winter down in Ibiza. It was a cold day for that time of year and no one was in much of a mood to have a good laugh. I was working in a bar in a small town to earn a bit of cash and the patrons were hardly what you might call lively – mostly old geezers whose idea of sex was ogling my knockers as I leaned over the counter.

I was bored shitless thinking about maybe doing an impromptu striptease to liven things up when the door swung open and in walked three blokes the sight of whom immediately started my pussy churning like nobody s business. They were construction workers from a site down the road had just got paid and were looking for a good time. Well they d certainly come to the right place as far as I was concerned!

I came on to them straight away tugging down the front of my T-shirt to show off some more of my cleavage (I ve a go! a lovely set of 36C bits) and getting to know them better. Their names were if I can remember this right Antonio Jose and Pepe. But I wasn t bothered about their names – it was how they could fuck that concerned me! I made all that pretty clear ignoring the jealous glances of the regular customers and they were quick to realise what I wanted. Mind you with some of these Spanish blokes they don t need much telling! As luck had it my shift ended an hour later and we left the bar together picking up some booze as we went and hightailing it round to the motel where I was staying.

In no time at all we were getting pretty randy and things were starting to get out of hand. "C mon fellas! I yelled I want to see a dick contest. Biggest cock gets first go.

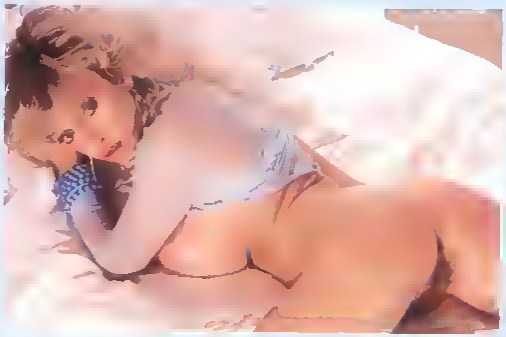
They dutifully lined up against the wall while I lay on the bed and put on the raunchiest rock n roll tape I had gyrating obscenely on the sheets peeling out of my clothes squeezing my boobs and stroking my pussy while the blokes looked on their cocks rising in tribute. I had forbidden them to touch their dicks and the frustration must have been agony as I spread my thighs as wide as I could and teased my already wet cunt with my trusty dildo. I was stuffing it between my lips deep into my depths and thrusting it back and forth until I shuddered with my orgasm and the hot spicy cream oozed from my hole as I came.

Right!" I gasped Let s see who s the winner. I walked over to them and made my inspection. Never in all my exploits had I seen such a fine collection of pricks all at once. They were each magnificent in their own way but Antonio just about won it by a half inch. "Well well well!" I smiled grasping that twitching donger in my fist. "Time to award first prize.

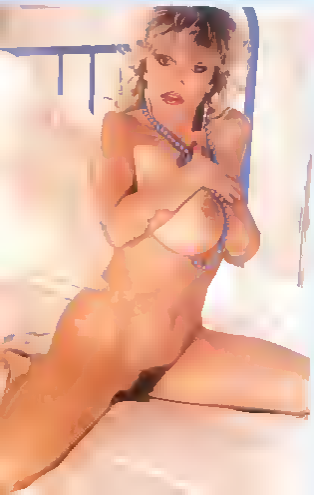
A few moments later that tool was deep in my snug puss and thrusting even deeper as I rode Antonio s fine cock my fingers rubbing my clit for maximum stimulation. Antonio was built for a long hard ride and that s what I was getting the breath being rammed out of me by that brute of a prick thrusting in and out of my sopping cunt. Pretty soon I was in the throes of another climax screaming and hollering like the demented trollop I become when there s a fat one up me. I couldn t stand it – I needed more cock. I told Jose and Pepe to come over to me and as soon as they did I had Jose s cock in my mouth sucking it like a lollipop while I rubbed the head of Pepe s dick hard against my sensitive nipples. This was the kind of sex I liked – horny as fuck and dirty as hell. I swapped Jose for Pepe and treated him to my finest piece of head. Then the idea struck me. I opened my lips as wide as I could and pulled both Jose and Pepe to me. Two monster cocks met in my mouth making my cheeks bulge with dick as I sucked on them simultaneously. It was possibly the dirtiest thing I d ever done and I was enjoying the hell out of it. Give me more that s what I say give me as much as you can!

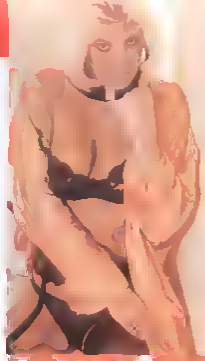
It wasn t long before they were spurting down my throat their spunk dribbling down my chin. Antonio s dick pulsed as his orgasm hit which had me spasming off again!

We carried on fucking and sucking till the small hours – and every day after until their job was finished. It was perfect – just what a dick-crazy sex-mad nympho like me needs!



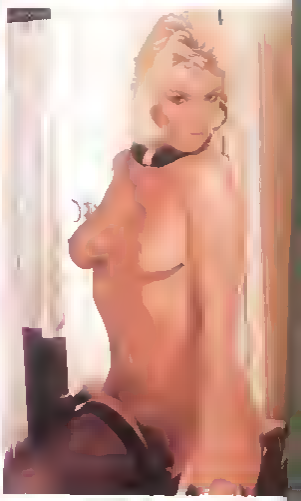
'Two monster cocks met in my mouth, making my cheeks bulge with dick as I sucked on them simultaneously.'





games for girls

Name *Wendy*
Age *26*
Hometown *Tilbury*
Occupation *Casino*
Marital Status *Divorced*



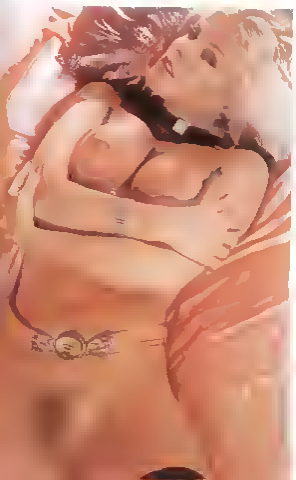
a tiny little thing like a doll whereas I am definitely womanly I'd reasonably tall and large chested Joe was very enthusiastic as well saying he couldn't wait to see the two of us together

They had a classy semi on a new housing estate and their bedroom was a real sex den decorated with erotic art and featuring in pride of place a huge four poster bed covered with black satin sheets Joe sat down in an armchair and relaxed as Carol and I sat on the edge of the

'I inched my probing tongue higher and kissed the pink bud of her clit.'

bed I made the first move putting my arms around her slender shoulders and kissing her full on the mouth She responded eagerly and passionately and I felt her hands unbuttoning my blouse reaching inside to caress my boobs in their white bra Her touch was so tender and sensual I almost swooned with pleasure and fell back letting her take over and undress me down to my stockings and high heels Her soft lips closed around my nipples making them stiffen and swell against her tongue causing me to moan with delight

I was near naked and I wanted to see Carol in the same state I sat up and eased her out of her dress Her



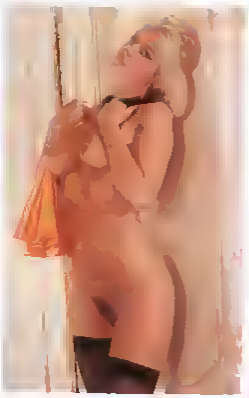
parting her petals and tasting the musky juices that flowed freely as I lapped at that delicious pussy

I was teasing her I confess but I wanted to make it as good as I could Waiting until she was on the verge of frustration I inched my probing tongue higher and kissed the pink bud of her clit feeling it throb against my tongue as I began to lick at it harder slinking my fingers underneath her bum and cupping the twin milky globes in my palms I held her right where I wanted her now and I was going to dictate whatever happened She wanted to come so much but I knew that the longer she waited the better it would be so I dragged it out until I couldn't wait myself and began to lick harder and harder lashing my tongue over her clit urging her towards her climax

When it eventually came it was as though a dam had burst Carol arched her back and her fingers twisted in my hair forcing my face into her pussy as I licked as hard as I could Her orgasm seemed to last forever and when she had finally exhausted herself I was expecting her to be as docile as before

Instead she turned into a rapacious vixen! She took one deep breath then lunged at me her hands grabbing my breasts kneading them really hard pinching my nipples and squeezing them until the soft flesh billowed and bulged around her fingers Her hand descended and slapped my bum hard making me squeal

Get down on your hands and knees" she panted breathlessly I

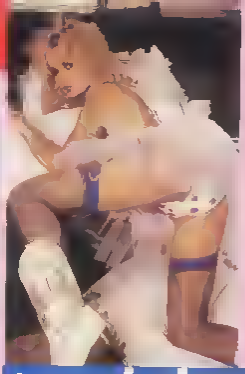


more of this incredible pleasure I simply collapsed drained of every ounce of strength I had

Joe had been watching all this in complete silence but now it was his turn to join in He threw off his clothes and joined us His cock was long and smooth and as Carol guided it into my cunt I came immediately simply from the sensation of him entering me There was to be no let up from this sex crazy duo Joe's cock pumped into me hard and fast sending me to absolute bliss which increased even more as they turned me so that I was astride Joe and Carol was able to get between us and lick my clit while that spear of cock thrust deeper and deeper into me

Eventually I had to beg them to stop awhile and allow me to recover Thankfully they agreed and I watched fascinated as Carol sucked Joe's huge cock until he spunked off over her tiny tits That only proved to be a signal for some more girly games as Carol invited me to lick Joe's cream off her tits

All in all I've never met such a sex mad couple and I've arranged to meet them again for another session At least this time I'll know what to expect!



sweat shop

Name: *Melissa*
Age *19*
Hometown *Plymouth*
Occupation *Unemployed*
Marital Status *Single*

My work experience as a poor student was a *real* experience I can tell you I was seventeen and lucky enough to get a Saturday job at my mum's friend's grocers shop

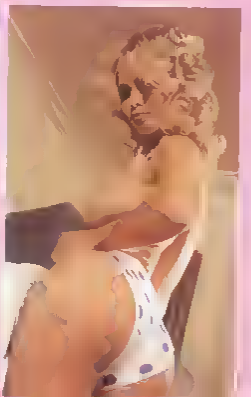
Maureen and Bill were in their forties and always got on well with my parents but they got on especially well with me!

It all started one Saturday I had been to an all-night party on the Friday and so I didn't have enough time to change for work I was stood sorting out the carrots in my very tight bodysuit no bra and miniskirt with my knee high boots when Bill came out from behind the back of the shop and brushed past me pushing me on to the shelves and squeezing my tits He started to pull my pert nipples in between his finger and thumb

"I bet your young cunt needs a good fucking" Bill grunted as he slid his big hand up my skirt and between my legs

It was true – college boys were crap I needed an older man with lots of experience "And I bet your solid dick needs a young pussy" I replied

Bill's fingers worked fast on my minge My bodysuit was soaking with pussy juice and it was starting to trickle down my thighs towards the shop floor With a flick of his wrist Bill had unpopped my suit to reveal my glistening fur I lay on the shop floor behind the counter with



'"I bet your young cunt needs a good fucking," Bill grunted as he slid his big hand up my skirt towards my pussy.'

one leg on a sack of spuds and the other on the counter. By now, my skirt was around my waist exposing all.

Bill quickly unzipped his trousers and pulled out his dick, positioning himself between my thighs. He pushed his huge rod in my cunt and shafted me faster and faster until I'd made a huge puddle of pussy juice on the floor.

God, I needed a good fucking and I was getting it. I cried in ecstasy as I came again and again, with Bill fucking away on top of me like a mad man.

The shop door went. Someone entered.

"Is anyone there?" old Mrs Bishop asked.

"I'll be with you in a minute, my dear. I'm just sorting something out," Bill squealed.

As Bill answered her, he shot his load right up me. I just managed to smother a gasp of pleasure.

He zipped himself up and got up to serve his customer, but I still wasn't completely satisfied. His fat prick had got me all worked up and I wanted more!

Still laying on the floor, legs apart, I managed to take a carrot off the shelf and started to masturbate with it, working it right into the depths of my hole.

That was when I realised that Maureen had now come out from the back of the shop and was standing there watching me, her eyes full of excitement. She was licking her lips and then moved a hand under her apron to play with herself.

By now, the old biddy had left the shop and Bill had turned the sign around to read 'closed'.

"You dirty bint. You're just as horny as your mother," said Maureen, working herself up to an orgasm as her fingers moved faster and faster on her clit. "We've both screwed your parents, and now we want to have you, too!"

So that was what the four of them got up to on Saturday nights!

Bill had got hold of me by the ankles and had lifted me upwards. Maureen had come back from the shop refrigerator with a large sausage. She crouched above my body and started to work it into me. Her brown fanny hairs were bobbing above my face and I just couldn't resist. I started to tease her cunt with my tongue while I listened to her groans of delight. She then positioned herself directly over my mouth and sat on my tongue so it was right up her.

I flicked my tongue faster and faster around the insides of her twat. I bet a young tongue hadn't done that to her minge in a while! Maureen started to come all over my face. She rolled over and laid on the floor, legs apart, ordering Bill to lick our juices up.

Bill was ready to shag again. The bulge in his pants grew bigger as he lapped our juices up. He then gave me another good seeing to as Maureen frigged herself off until it was her turn.

When he'd finished with me, I strolled over to the shop's freezer and took out a tub of rum and raisin ice cream which I started to smear all over my cunt.

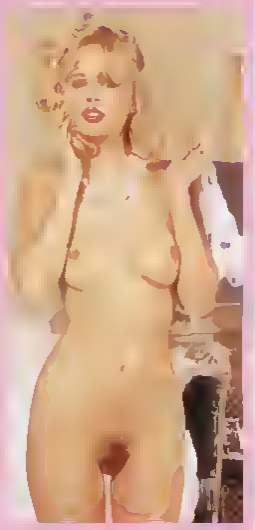
Maureen started to lick me out as Bill pumped her from behind. We were all really enjoying ourselves in this sticky, sweaty mess.

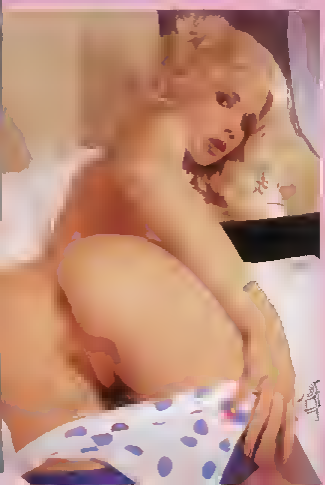
Bill then stopped pumping Maureen and I smeared ice cream all over his purple muscle, rubbing it between my hands. I grasped Bill's buttocks and thrust his cock into my gaping mouth. This was the best tasting oral I'd ever given! Bill moved frantically in and out of my mouth, fucking furiously until he wailed and shot his come into my throat. As he withdrew, some of his spunk dribbled down my chin, which Maureen eagerly licked off, caressing my neck as she did.

They both said I was the horniest shop assistant they had ever had, as the others they'd seduced weren't much cop and that they would put my wages up a tenner if we could all do the same every Saturday (as it puts them in the mood for a good foursome on the Saturday night).

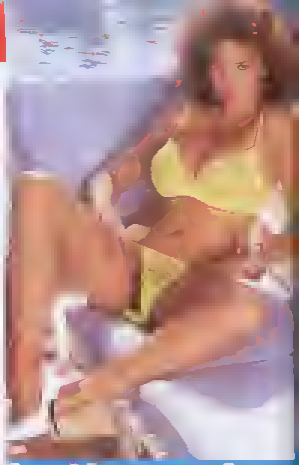
Of course, I agreed, being the dirty cow I am. I enjoy a good fuck, but I had a sore cunt after that session as I'd had three guys the previous night at the party!

We continued to have our steamy sex sessions every week (making sure the door was locked!) until I had to go back to college. I can't wait until the holidays start and I can begin working again!





'Her brown fanny hairs were above my face and I just couldn't resist. I flicked my tongue over her cunt . . .'

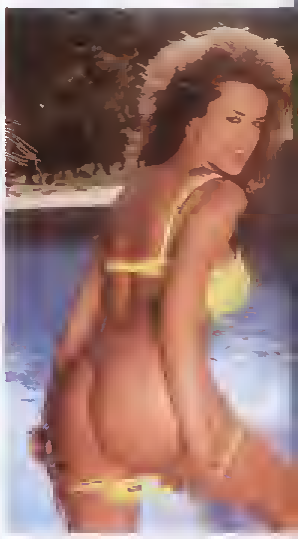


in the swim

Name: *Yvonne*
Age: *27*
Hometown: *Esher*
Occupation: *Housewife*
Marital Status: *Married*

With summer coming, my husband decided it was time we got the pool cleaned out. He'd just got a new job up in the City and wanted to throw a poolside barbecue to impress his swanky pals. Of course he left it up to me to arrange it all and after a succession of phone calls I finally contacted a firm who agreed to send someone round the next day to sort things out.

But me being me, the next day I'd forgotten all about it. I had just got up and was strolling about the kitchen in nothing except my shortie nightdress that does nothing to conceal my figure. I was making myself a coffee when I glanced over my shoulder to see a man staring at me through the window. I screamed and dropped the coffee all over the floor. Then the man



called out that he was from the pool cleaning company and suddenly I remembered everything I quickly pulled a robe around myself and opened the door

The chap's name was Lewis, a handsome young lad, about 20 with a winning smile. I later found out he was a student, working at this job to earn some extra cash in his spare time. He apologised for startling me and I showed him to the pool. It was becoming a rare sunny day and Lewis set to work right away.

I watched him from the house as he pulled off his T-shirt because of the heat. He was in wonderful shape, his muscles rippling as he worked and my mind strayed to nice cool dip in the pool. I especially want to see how my new bikini is in the water. I'm a bit nervous about wearing it in public without testing it."

With that I pulled off my T-shirt and showed Lewis my bikini. He whistled in admiration and complimented me on how I looked. His eyes running over my body turned me on terribly. "You should stretch out in the sun," he told me. "Top up your tan a little before summer."

That seemed a terribly good idea, so I lay beside the pool and pretended to doze off, though I was really watching Lewis. It was so frustrating, that hunky specimen so close and me nearly naked. I

thinking whether he'd been excited by seeing me in the kitchen wearing next to nothing. What had he thought? Had his cock become all hard? God, these wicked thoughts were starting to turn me on. I brushed a hand against my nipples and found they were getting harder by the minute. Moving my hand lower I gasped as I caressed my clit and was rewarded by a sharp tingle of pleasure rippling through me. I was on heat all of a sudden and unable to do anything about it except follow my natural impulses.

My husband would be at work for hours – well, you know these City bankers. He would never know, would he? I rushed upstairs and changed into the bikini I'd bought two years ago when we were going to Barbados, but never had the courage to wear. It was really sexy, cut high at the thigh while the top was minute and barely covered my breasts. I pulled a baggy T-shirt over this ensemble and steeled myself as I walked out to poolside and offered Lewis an ice-cold beer.

He was glad to take a break and told me the work was coming along well. "That's good," I replied. "On a hot day like this nothing beats a reached for the Ambre Solaire and poured some on to my belly and thighs, rubbing it in slowly. Then I rolled on to my front and called out. "Lewis? Could you help me out and rub a little into my back?"

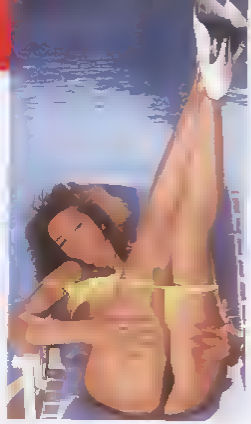
He was beside me in a flash. I untied my bikini top and handed him the bottle of lotion. His strong hands touched my skin and I almost moaned with pleasure as he rubbed the oil in with slow dreamy strokes. His hands began to stray and I did nothing to discourage him, wiggling my bottom as they descended towards the soft round pillows of my arse. Then I felt his hands caressing my cheeks, sliding inside my bikini bottoms and stroking my peachy skin. I tensed, waiting for the inevitable. Then it came: his hands easing down the cleft of my bum and gliding into my wet pussy.

I sighed happily. "I bet this sort of thing happens to you all the time, doesn't it?" I asked him.

"Sometimes," Lewis replied. "But the other women aren't nearly as beautiful as you." Mmmm! He knew what to say to a woman. When I rolled over I got a real shock as Lewis had already taken off his jeans and was entirely naked, sporting a thick stiff cock that jutted out rigidly from his muscly groin.

I moaned with pleasure and poured some lotion onto my palm before wrapping my hand around his rock solid penis, rubbing the oil into his cock, feeling it pulse and throb in my hand. Then I leaned forward and stretched my lips around the bulbous head, drawing his oily prick deep into my mouth and running my tongue hard along the underside, deep throating him. Then I released him and sucked on his plum sized balls until Lewis was sighing in ecstasy.

"Come on," I urged him. "Right now. Right here." Our garden wall is very high and there



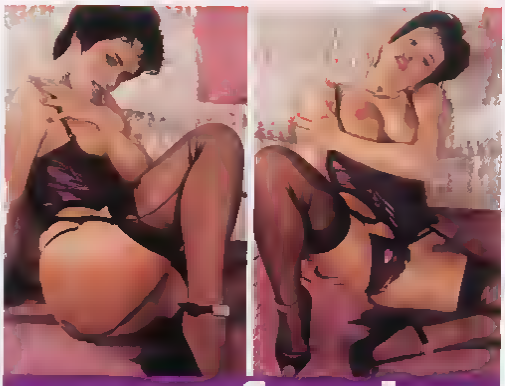
'I relaxed as I felt the hard thrust of his rock-solid cock slide sweetly into the folds of my welcoming pussy.'

was no risk of being seen. I rolled into my favourite sex position (on my hands and knees) and raised my bottom towards him. Lewis grabbed me by the hips and I relaxed as I felt the thrust of his cock slide sweetly into my welcoming pussy. He reached round in front of me and gripped my dangling boobs in his greasy hands, squeezing my nipples, kneading my pliant flesh as I groaned the harder he pumped his tool into my steaming pussy.

"Yes!" I moaned, feeling my orgasm rising. "Harder! Don't hold back!" Lewis gave it his all, pounding hard into my pussy, forcing me towards my climax. It hit me like a speeding locomotive. I screamed and wailed, beating my fists against the grass as I came over and over again, my final shudders coinciding with the moment Lewis pulled his dripping cock from my cunt and sprayed my upturned buttocks with his thick hot sperm.

The pool took some time to get cleaned, but Lewis managed it and after I'd taken an early-evening dip there was no way my husband was ever going to know what I'd been up to all day! I think I'll throw some weeds in the pool – it'd give me an excuse to call Lewis again.

'I poured some lotion onto my palm before wrapping my fingers around his cock, feeling it pulse in my hand.'



my confession

Name *Emily*
Age *22*
Hometown *Bournemouth*
Occupation *Telephonist*
Marital Status *Single*

My name is Emily. I'm 22, single and have got a cute body. Ever since I was of an age I've had blokes trying it on with me. At first I used to brush them off as I didn't want some seedy one night stand relationship that would leave me disappointed and disillusioned. I guess you could say I was looking for Mr. Right! Not that I didn't have fun looking, mind! I mastered the basics of sex, but overall, I suppose I was pretty green when it came to the finer points. However, since meeting Stewart and Gabrielle, everything's changed and I'm pleased to say I'm looking at things a whole lot differently now.

It all started when I rented the flat next to Stewart and Gabrielle a few months ago. It's the first place I've had since moving out of my parents' house and, naturally, I was a little nervous. So you can imagine how pleased I was to meet my neighbours and strike up a good friendship with them.

They seemed a pleasant enough couple and I got on very well with Gabrielle, a very glamorous woman a few years older than myself. I'd spend some free afternoons round at their flat, drinking coffee (or something a little stronger) with Gabrielle and we'd talk about anything and everything, which naturally included sex.

It was during one of these talks that Gabrielle revealed something that really shocked me. She told me that she and Stewart were into swapping and they really enjoyed it. Gabrielle was very matter-of-fact about it and the way she described the goings on actually made it all seem quite exciting. Sensing my nervousness on the subject, she reassured me that they knew I wasn't into that kind of thing, myself and they had no designs about seducing me. If I didn't want it, that was fine, as long as I didn't judge them for their actions.

But curiosity got the better of me and the next time I saw Gabrielle I asked her more about the sort of things they got up to. Gabrielle tried to fill me in on the details, but it was hard and she told me the only way I'd really understand would be to watch one of their parties. I was unsure about this until she promised me no one would try anything on me unless that was what I wanted.

That was how the next week I found myself sitting in their living room, with a large Martini in my hand watching as Stewart welcomed their friends, another married couple, Richard and Janice. They were a really beautiful couple and I couldn't believe they were into this swapping thing, but as the evening wore on and the drinks went down I could see they were working towards a proper little orgy. Janice was sitting on Stewart's lap, her hands stroking and squeezing his crotch, while Gabrielle and Richard were passionately entwined on the couch. I sat alone, taking it all in through wide eyes.

My eyes got wider as Gabrielle suddenly stood up and unzipped her dress. "I'm feeling so horny!" she declared. "Anyone else feel the way I do?"

Underneath, all she wore were stockings and suspenders, nothing else. I watched in amazement as she brazenly stood in the centre of the room and rubbed her pussy as the others looked on. It was hard to believe that this was the same woman who, only a few days before, I'd been sharing my mother's recipe for Hungarian goulash with!

But Gabrielle was clearly very excited and eager for fun, squeezing her round boobs together as her fingers flashed in and out of her slippery quim. Whilst she was masturbating frenziedly, I noticed Janice easing herself out of her dress.

"I can smell your pussy from here, Gaby," she chuckled. "Maybe I could do something about it – and give the boys something to appreciate, too!"

She approached Gabrielle, flung her arms around her and the two women kissed passionately before Janice slid to her knees and began to lick Gabrielle's pussy. That blew my mind and, despite my sheer astonishment that I was actually seeing all this, I couldn't take my eyes off them.

I could see Janice's long pink tongue flashing in and out of Gabrielle's thick bush as Gabrielle reached a climax that made me break out in a cold sweat when I heard her cries and moans of passion.

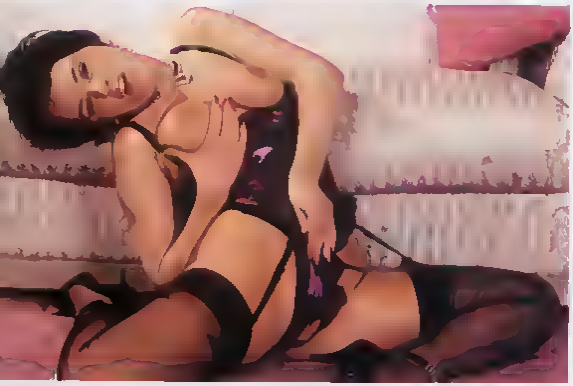
The two men were not idle throughout all of this. Stewart and Richard had both shed their clothes without a hint of inhibition, displaying their big stiff cocks, both leaking silvery trails of pre-spunk at the tip. As Janice and Gabrielle reached their climaxes, their manfolk got down on the rug and joined them.

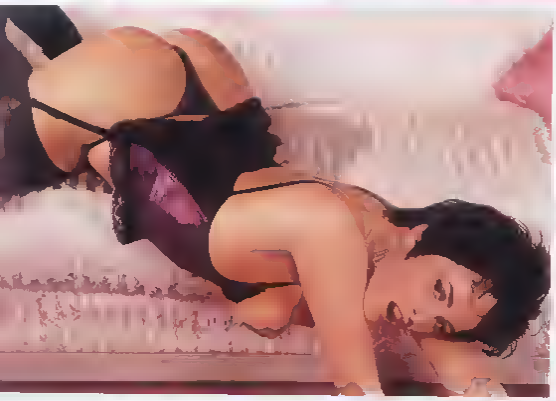
I just sat there, immobile and stunned. I'd seen dirty movies before, the kind where everyone has sex with everyone else – an old boyfriend had let me watch a couple once – and I remembered each frame vividly, all the moaning and pumping cocks and the women sucking these huge bloated erections until the sperm spurted out all in their faces. At the time I remembered pretending to be disgusted at it all, though secretly I was highly aroused and the only reason I'd made that bloke turn the film off was that I'd been afraid of what I might do if I lost my self-control. But this was different. This was in the flesh!

It was a tangle of limbs as they rolled around on the rug, hands and mouths working overtime on cocks and cunts. Janice was on her hands and knees as Stewart

'I slid my hand up my skirt towards my knickers and juicing pussy beneath.'

'I watched in amazement as she brazenly stood in the centre of the room and rubbed her pussy.'





rammed into her swollen wet pussy from behind while she leaned forward to tease her husband's cock with her tongue while Richard feasted on Gabrielle's magnificent twat

I could barely believe what I was seeing, yet I could feel a pulse of excitement building in me All this sex was getting through to me and I realised suddenly that I was getting turned-on too Between my thighs, I could feel a distinct ache, a yearning for relief that couldn't be ignored The others were too engrossed in their fun to be aware of what I was doing, so I slowly slid my hand up my skirt and towards my knickers which barely covered my juicing pussy

Ohhh! I couldn't believe how wet I was between my legs Not only wet but hyper-sensitive as well As soon as I touched my cunny a sharp tingle shot through me, increasing in intensity the harder I rubbed myself until I was throwing my head back in delight, three fingers slipping in and out of my quim, my thumb rubbing my erect clit as hard as I could

I was close to the brink when I flicked open my eyes for a moment and saw to my horror that all eyes in the room were on me The foursome had temporarily halted their endeavours in order to concentrate on me

"That's the way, Emily!" urged Gabrielle "Don't hold back!"

The others joined the chorus and instead of turning me off, it had the opposite effect and I found myself revelling in this exhibitionism, rubbing my cunny even harder until my entire body was engulfed in a climax that shattered me utterly

It was as though I'd broken through some kind of sexual barrier Instead of what normally happened after I'd orgasmed with me just collapsing in a drained heap, I felt invigorated, ready for more excitement, actually *needing* more excitement

"Somebody satisfy me!" I groaned, tearing open the front of my dress and kneading my pert boobs, making my large nipples stand up ever harder "I need a cock in me now!" I begged them "Give me what I want!"

"Go on Stewart," Gabrielle told her husband "Can't you see she's suffering?" Stewart wasn't slow on the uptake and joined me on the couch, guiding my fingers around the thickness of his veined shaft I gripped his cock tight in my fingers relishing the way it felt I wanted to suck it, feel it against my tongue and lick it as expertly as I'd seen Gabrielle and Janice do But Stewart had other ideas positioning me so I was draped over the arm of the couch, my arse raised up in the air I felt his bulbous tip nudge the lips of my pussy, searching for an opening

"Ohhh yes!" I cried "In me! Put it right in me!"

Stewart thrust forward his prick easing into my wet hole sliding in deep I gripped his shaft tightly with the muscles of my cunny, holding him there as he started to piston his hips back and forth with powerful thrusts that almost took my breath away God it felt good even better when Richard came and stood in front of me, offering his long prick towards my mouth Eagerly I parted my lips and drew his length inside He felt hot, tasted delightful and I curled my tongue around him enthusiastically

I wrapped my fingers around the base of his cock and started to wank him off into my hungry mouth His shaft began to twitch in my mouth and I could tell he was about to shoot his spunk I tugging frantically at his cock and was rewarded by spurts of hot creamy semen cascading into my mouth I swallowed desperately feeling the boiling come trickling down my throat

'I gripped his shaft tightly with the muscles of my cunny, holding him as he started to piston back and forth.'

I pulled away and wiped his cock all over my face smearing my make-up in the process as the final few dribbles of spunk went all over my face "Lovely!" I sighed deeply, licking my spunky lips "Absolutely gorgeous!"

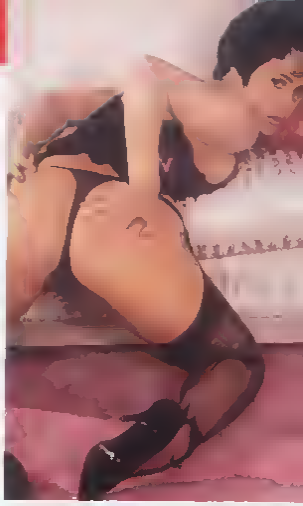
Now I was in the throes of nymphomania, craving sex of any kind, uncaring when Gabrielle took Richard's place and thrust her musky smelling bush towards my face

'I wrapped my fingers around the base of his cock and started to wank him off into my hungry mouth.'

"Have you ever done this before?" she enquired as if worried I might think this a bit too much I shook my head

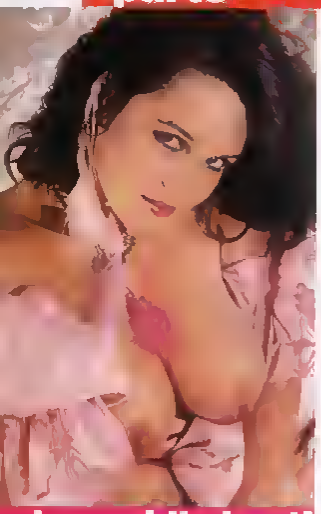
"No" I replied "But right now I'll try anything once!"

I willingly extended my tongue and lapped away at the smooth folds of her sex, still delirious from the wonderful sensations in my cunt as Stewart continued to fuck me remorselessly sending



me high[illegible] dizzying climax inside all the better when Janice, who had been frigging herself as she watched placed her head between my thighs and teased my clitty with her long moist tongue That was enough to send me right over the edge and I screamed with utter delight as the most unbelievable orgasm possible completely swamped me I was still climaxing when I felt Stewart pull out of my spasming cunny and spurt halfway up my back His spunk dribbled down the cleft of my arse and onto my pussy Janice was there like a shot, lapping it all up until I had another massive orgasm

There it was In the space of half an hour I'd broken virtually every taboo I knew It was the best initiation into the world of sexual pleasures anyone could possibly ever want I knew afterwards there was no going back After all I've got a few years to make up for haven't I?



barmaid's best!

Name *Tem*
Age *24*
Hometown *Rugby*
Occupation: *Storeworker*
Marital Status *Married*

When Matt and I moved house I decided that I'd soon find out what the new locals were like by the reaction I got on the street. I'm the shit of woman who finds it hard to conceal her attributes and our last area had been a constant ngamarole of whistles and lewd remarks whenever I walked to the corner shop. However, this area seemed a bit more genteel and a woman could at least walk more than a few yards without hearing Whoooar! Look at that!' every step of the way.

Matt and I soon became regulars at the local pub. It was there I struck up an acquaintance with Marianne, the barmaid. We had a lot in common, not least our looks. One of our favourite topics of conversation was the men in our lives and their failings. That was what we were discussing one evening when she came out with a remark that started everything off.

She'd just seen the back of yet another boyfriend and confessed that she was tired of looking for the right bloke. That's when she said it. "Sometimes I wish I was a dyke," she said bitterly. "But how would I find the right girl?"

"You can't be serious!" I said. "How can you even think about doing it with another woman?" Marianne gave me one of her knowing looks.

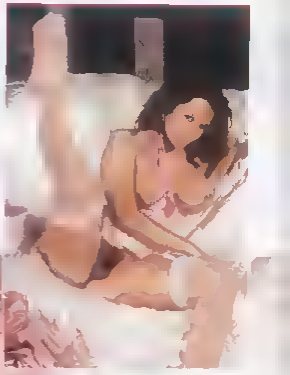
"Because I've done it before," she told me bluntly.

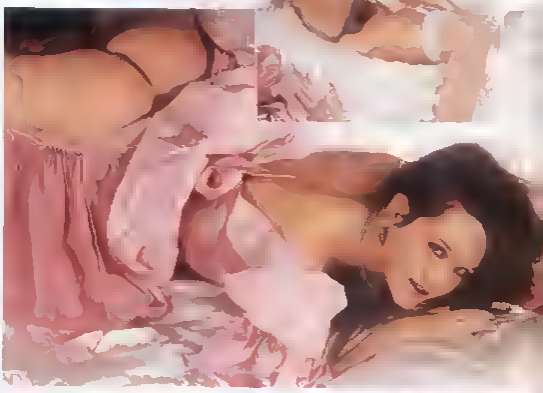
I was amazed, but eager to know more. "What was it like?"

"Marvellous," she said simply. "Just as good as a man, but wonderfully different. You ought to try it sometime." She gave me another look which communicated far more than words alone.

'I saw that underneath she was wearing stockings, suspenders and only the skimpiest bra and panties.'

It so happened that Matt and I hadn't been enjoying the kind of sex life I wanted of late, and I suppose I was vulnerable to the thought of a new pleasure. Or maybe I just wanted to know more. Whatever it was, I realised the meaning of that look and found myself talking Marianne to come round to our flat the following afternoon. That night I spent in turmoil, wondering whether I was doing the right thing. I daren't tell Matt, in case he got angry, but





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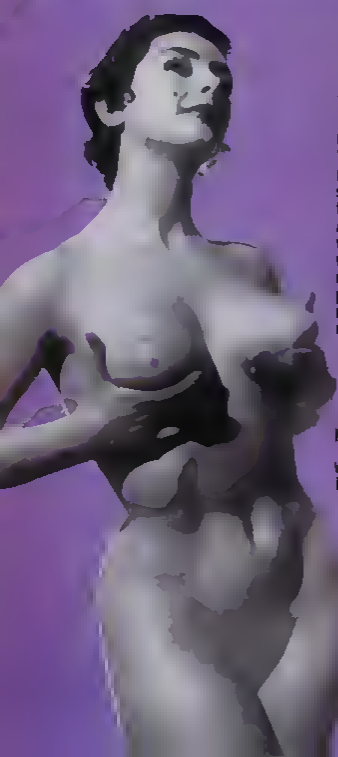
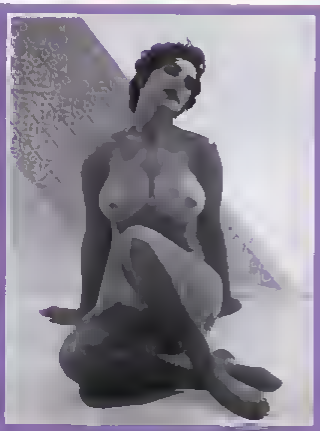
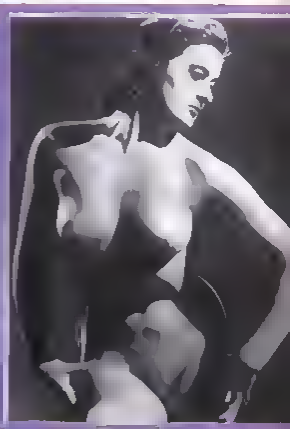


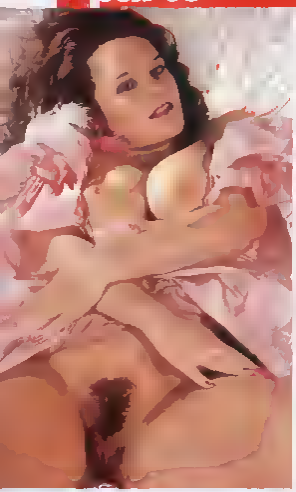
Titmen of Britain! Send us your faded and creased piccies of big old sorts and we'll bung you fifty quid! Bring us your monochrome muff, your bulging broads etc., etc., etc.

Uproar in the Vintage Vag department this month on receipt of a suspicious package from West Glamorgan. As regular black 'n' white humcakes fans will know, our aged and crinkled retainer was packed off for recuperation last month, but we thought we'd send round these sultry studies for his expert commentary anyway, just to check on the old boy's progress.

On reflection, this was probably not a good idea. The effects were startling as the wizened tailie leapt from his cot upon squizzing the said snapperoos, and proceeded to 'goose' several nurses and a male auxiliary (who, apparently, was rather chuffed).







perhaps the thrill was in the illicit nature of what I was doing

I spent the next morning fortifying myself with a few drinks and by the time Marianne was due to arrive I was under the influence I was also dressed as sexily as possible

The doorbell rang and there was Marianne looking incredibly gorgeous as always If I had been expecting a long slow introduction to this kind of love I was mistaken She flung her arms around my neck and kissed me full on the mouth her tongue snaking between my lips to touch mine

"No point in waiting around is there?" she smiled as I led her into the front room I haven't come here for casual conversation!

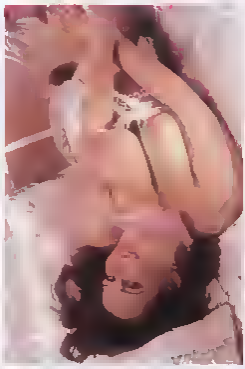
Then she threw off her coat and my heart skipped a beat as I saw that underneath she was wearing stockings suspenders and only the skimpiest bra and panties She looked like every male fantasy but I was turned on too and had to show her right then how I was dressed

"Don't we both look sexy?" she grinned We look like the only thing on our mind is sex" She walked over to me and kissed me again her hands moving round my back and sliding down to caress the soft cheeks of my bum Our tits pressed hotly together and I could feel the need burning in my pussy

The bedroom" Marianne whispered and I meekly followed I entered just in time to catch her peeling off her bra and lying down on our double bed

Do you like what you see? she breathed placing her hands upon her boobs and kneading the tender flesh in a way that was so sexy I just couldn't resist

'I lay back and waited as she straddled my face and lowered her glistening pussy on to my mouth.'



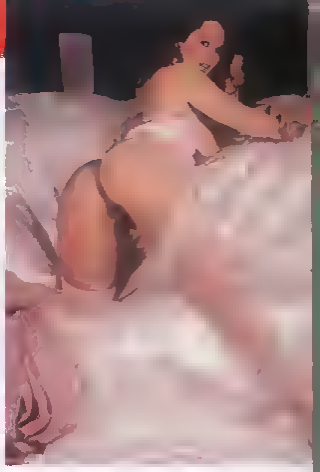
"I think you're the sexiest woman I've ever seen" I replied seating myself beside her Marianne grinned and cupped my left breast through my bra

"Get this off" she smiled "I want to see those lovely knockers in all their glory"

Quickly I unhooked my bra and my boobs spilled free "Beautiful!" sighed Marianne as she dropped her head to my chest and flicked her tongue across my perky nipples sending shivers of delight to my pussy She was so gentle so tender I almost wanted to hold her there forever But Marianne had other ideas Lie down" she said easing my body down on to the crisp sheets "Lie down and close your eyes"

I shut my eyes tight as Marianne continued to lick my nipples before trailing her tongue over every part of my body my neck my stomach my thighs the backs of my knees even my stockinged feet Everywhere except for the one part of me that was aching to be kissed that damp area between my legs Her lips and tongue were finding erogenous zones I never knew existed and my body was coming alive with exquisite sensations as this slow wonderful torture continued Finally she kissed my face and I pulled her tight to me loving the warm softness of her body against mine

Our pussies were pressed tight and the obstruction of our knicks was more than I could bear Swiftly we pulled them off so we could experience each other fully as our slippery cunts pushed achingly against one another The delirious sensations grew and grew until in a fit of passion we moved ourselves so that we could rub our pussies against each other's thigh We moved harder our boobs squishing wetly as the sweat beaded on our bodies and our climaxes approached We managed to time it to perfection climaxing together As I fell back in ecstasy Marianne went further sliding her head down my body and going down on my still-throbbing pussy licking me expertly sending me into a succession of blitzing orgasms that left me utterly drained

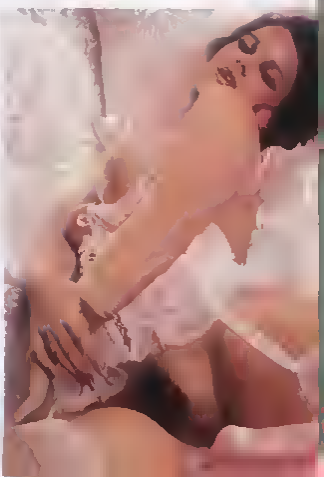


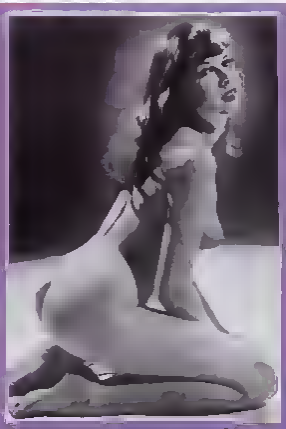
Ready for your turn? she asked afterwards fingering herself as I caught my breath I nodded "Want me to sit on your face?" she asked I couldn't care less how she did it as long as I got to taste her beautiful minge

I lay back and waited as she straddled my face and lowered her musky pussy on to my mouth I drove my tongue as deep as I could between the pink lips rewarded by a squeal of delight from Marianne "Lick my clit!" she gasped "Lick it hard! I was eager to comply lashing my tongue over that hard bud sucking it between my lips even nibbling it gently with my teeth Marianne exploded as her climax hit and her hot juices cascaded into my mouth and all over my face I continued to lick and lick until I had her broken collapsing beside me utterly exhausted

We had a few drinks and an hour later we did it all again only this time Marianne showed me a new toy – a large double ended dildo that could satisfy us both at once It was a good few hours before Marianne left and we both knew she'd be coming back

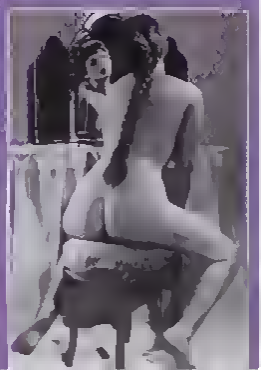
So far I haven't mentioned our encounters to a soul (not even Matt) and for now that's how it'll stay All women need at least one secret don't they?





So we turn instead to reader J.L.R. of West Glamorgan whose explorations of the attic in a newly-acquired farmhouse turned up these splendid cuties. As J' says, "perhaps its former owner couldn't find an attractive enough sheep," before going on to make a groansome pun concerning "Welsh ex-dressers" that, frankly, escaped us.

But what the hell, we're not such sticklers for perfection that a crispy fifty quid isn't shortly winging its way to West Glamorgan with our compliments. And you, too, could covert your attic into cash by unearthing your tattered tottie pics and sending them to Smut In The Attic, c/o The Editor, Men Only, 2 Archer St, London W1V 7HF, remembering to enclose an SAE for their return. We're waiting!



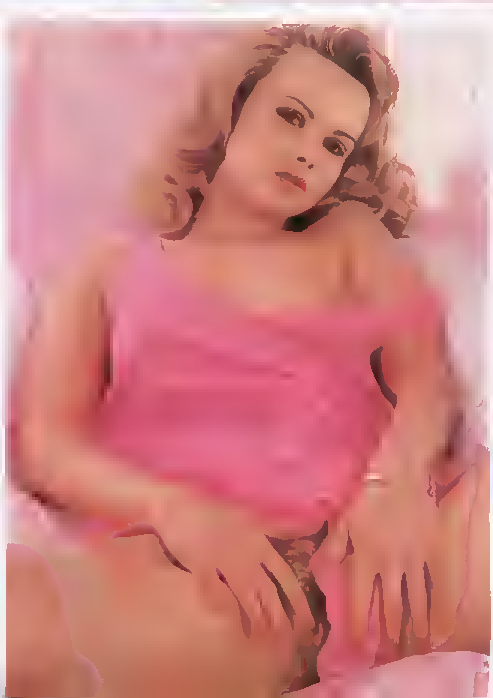
before being forcibly calmed down with valium and anti-expanding rubber hosing placed to the afflicted area.

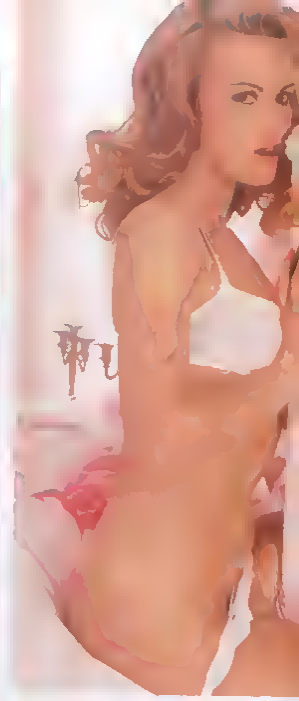
According to Nurse Gladys Fingerstall at the home, our man did offer a few pertinent and revealing opinions as to this month's array, claiming them to be prime examples of the 'no-fonny' school of erotic photography so popular in the 1950s. He then proceeded to attempt a comparison test using Nurse Gladys as an example, which was when the trouble really started!

Absolute beginners

No experience needed! To model for Men Only all you need is raw talent and a naughty sense of fun. So stop dreaming, girls, you can smoulder on the pages of Britain's top men's mag. Just send a naughty pic of yourself to the editor and we can get you into pictures!

HELEN ROBINSON





When MO launched 'Absolute Beginners' the reasoning was thus: Britain must be chockablock with luscious young nymphettes all gagging to fling off their togs for a crack at fame, fortune and what have you. "Er, well, erm, actually it was the cash," admitted one.

So 'AbBeg' went ahead and, frankly, we've been stunned by the response. But when we laid eyes on 18 year-old first-year undergraduate, Helen Robinson from Harrow, stunned wasn't enough. In fact, so wowed were we by her 34B-22-33 curves we immediately put her on last month's cover and, of course, demanded to know what compelled her to do it.

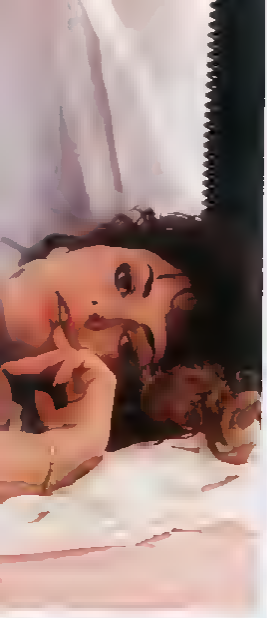
"It was a dare from a girlfriend," she giggles. "Her fella reads your mag – that's where she saw the thing about you looking for new models. She's been saying for ages how I could easily compete with all the girls in MO, and how it'd give all the boys such a turn on. So this time I thought 'okay, I'll *really* amaze her and give it a try'. I'm a bit impetuous like that!"

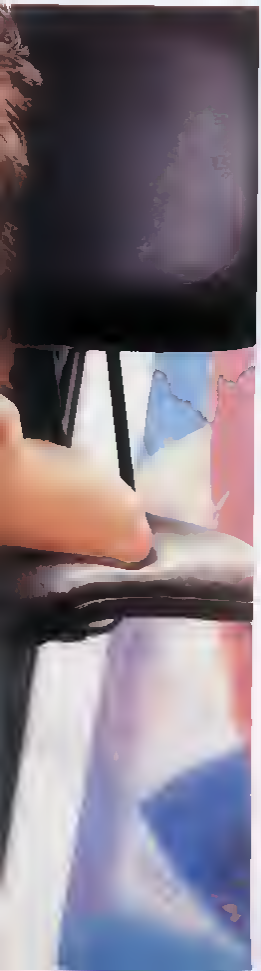
"It was a wonderful experience," she says of her debut in front of the camera. "I just kept thinking of all the men who'd see me showing off and those naughty thoughts kept me going, even if they did make me feel all goosebumpy. Mind you," she chuckles, "that's the whole point, isn't it?"

Indeed it is, Helen, and you can bet we'll soon be giving you more opportunities to go goosebumpy!

sarah

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNIS





Ooo–wee! Get a load of Sarah's kinky boots! Enough to make you came over all funny, aren't they? Mind you, we mustn't start thinking this twenty-two year-old Southport hairdresser is devoted to deviant doings involving curry combs and crimping irons. We're not so sure about her boyfriend, though – apparently the horny lad loves to see Sarah strutting her stuff in her spiky heels of an evening. But that's a desire we can't really knock, as there's plenty of us up here who wouldn't mind that, either.

She's a game lass, is Sarah – has been known to be something of a terror on and around the resort spots of Lancashire and North Wales, culminating in an 'incident' at Rhyl last summer where a catastrophic clasp failure led to her bathing cozzie parting company with her baaby bits, causing an uproar among the nearby menfolk that could be heard as far off as The Wirral. Such was the commotion that Sarah quickly realised that this might be the start of something big and promptly headed for MO and this debut nude appearance you see before you. A wise move, Sarah. After all, starting something big is why we're here, as we're sure our readers will agree. (33C-21-34)